The Story of His Life and Death.

His Domestic Difficulties and Separation from His Wife.

HIS SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA.

His Impressions of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

CLOSING SCENES OF HIS LIFE.

THE LIPE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. ui. 1852-1870. pp. 552. London: Chap-man & Hall.

We have received the last and concluding volame of the "Life of Charles Dickens." The completion of this work is the most important literary event since the publication of Moore's "Life of Byron." The volume before us begins with the writing of "Copperfield" and closes with the death of Dickens. We are sure our readers will gladly accompany us as we follow Mr. Forster in contemplating the fulfilment and close of the life of the ost famous Englishman of this generation.

In 1850, when Dickens finished "Copperfield," he vas in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was already the most celebrated English writer living. Thackeray, as the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Heary Esmond." might dispute this predominance, just as George Ellot, with "Adam Bede," came later to dispute it. But, while Thackeray and George Eliot might satisfy the higher tastes of the cultivated few, and while in the graver essentials of literary work, philosophy, depth of insight into character and wide range of thought, there is nothing in Dickens to equal Becky Sharp and Adam Bede, still his genius was more in sympathy with the heart of England. He came home to English-speaking people as no man had come since Burns. Like Burns, his influence moved alike the loftiest and the lowliest. His characters became proverbs, his stories were upon every stage, his lancies embodied themselves in our language. Even now the writer or the orator finds no surer way of conveying his meaning than to use the name of Fagin or Pecksniff or Micawber. He lived in an atmosphere of incense. America vied with England in affectionate appreciation when living, and in sorrow when he died. As years go he was not an old man when he passed away, and it was in the ripeness of fame. His gifted contemoraries—those who labored with him in the same calling-gave him a praise as hearty as the people. Even literary emulation lost its envy. Thackeray and Bulwer were enthusiastic in commending his work, and nothing is more eloquent words of Carlyle-himself a master and king, and celebrated long before Dickens was even a reporter for the press-which Mr. Forster quotes in this volume. "It is almost thirty years." says Mr. Carlyle, "since my acquaintance with m began; and on my side I may say every new meeting ripened it into more and more clear discernment of his rare and great worth as a brother man-a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just and loving man-till at length had grown to such a recognition with me as I have rarely had for any man of my time." "I am foundly sorry for you, and, indeed, for myself and for us all. It is an event world wide, a unique of talents suddenly extinct, and has 'eclipsed,' we too may say, 'the harmless gayety of nature.' No death since 1866 ('the death of his wife') has fallen on me with such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. The good, the gentle, highgifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens-every inch of

him an honest man. "COPPERFIELD" AND BLEAK "HOUSE." "Copperfield" filled the measure of the fame of No book since "Pickwick" had been so widely read, and there was "the suspicion," as Mr. Forster remarks, "that underneath the fiction lay mething of the author's life." "Copperfield" was tollowed by "Bleak House," and we hear interesting stories as to the resemblances between some of the fictions and prominent persons then living. Miss Mowcher appears to have been a lady in private English life, who complained to Dickens of his using her as an illustration. Mrs. Nickleby was copied from the author's own mother, while Micawber was a porand sentences from the elder Dickens, which might have been taken from Micawber. "The ban-dogs would, shortly have him at bay," "He was about to proceed to Paris to consolidate Augustus' French," "The Supreme Being must be an entirely different individual from what I have every reason to believe Him if He would care in the least for the society of your relations." All this is in the best manner of Micawber. Boythorn. in "Bleak House," is a portrait of Walter Savage Landor, while Harold Skimpole was sketched from Leigh Hunt. Dickens admits the portrait, and we learn that he softened the picture and changed the name from Leander to Harold in obedience to the representations of Forster and Barry Cornwall. Leigh Hunt was not aware of the resemblance until kind friends pointed it out, and we have a manly letter from Dickens to him endeavoring to soften the pain occasioned by the on. Mr. Forster takes some pains to prove that Dickens did not draw his own character as David Copperfield. No one would have supposed that he did. The Peggotty group "were the author's own favorite people." while Mrs. Steerforth was an especial lavorite of Thackeray's. In "Bleak House," Joe, the wretched boy, was a character that interested him deeply, and we agree with Mr. Forster that it is one of the most tragic and touching of his creations.

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME. "Bleak House" was finished, and the death of friends came to darken the days. Watson, whom he loved so well, Mrs. Macready and Count d'Orsay! "Ah, me! Ah, me!" he says, "but this is all a dream, may be, and death will wake us!" We have merry glimpses of home life, pleasant to dwell upon, thinking of the clouds that came so soon. There was a Christmas pantomime in 1854. house, Mark Lemon playing as the giantess Glumdulen, Dickens the ghost Gaffer Thumb, under the stage names of The Infant Phenomenon and the Modern Garriek. The other parts were played by the children of Lemon and Dickens-one child singing a ballad about 'Miss Villikins," which made Thackeray 'Toil off his seat with laughter." Then, it being Crimean war times, we had Dickens as a testy old Baron, singing ballads to the children against the Czar of Russia. Merry times, and only twenty years ago! Only twenty years! and Thackeray, Lemon and Dickens, with their gibes and laughter, gone into the shadows and the night.

IDLE DAYS IN PRANCE. "Hard Times" was written, which gave extravagant pleasure to Mr. Ruskin, but to no one eise. for it had no life. Then a trip to Italy and Switzerland and much roaming on the Continent, all brilliantly sketched here in the best vein. Then came three summers at Boulogne, and a picture of Eugenie, Empress of the French, worth looking at now:- "The Empress was very pretty, and her slight figure sat capitally on her gray horse. When the Emperor gave her the despatch to read (announcing the fall of Sebastopol), she flushed and fired up in a very pleasant way and kissed it with as natural an impulse as one could desire to see." Then "Little Dorric" and a pilgrimage to Paris, where Dickens lived a romping, glided life. The acting of Lemaitre strongly impressed him, and we have him trying to live cosily in the Rue Balzac quarter of the Champs Eiysées, and walking and the barriers to see Paris, and sitting for his ploture to Ary Scheder, "a frank and noble fellow," and having a good time with Thackeray, who lived with his mother in the Champs Elysées.

sometimes Sir Alexander Cockburn came with Landseer and Macready and others to assist in the rleasures of Paris. Much of his time was given to the theatres. At Scribe's he dined frequently, one evening meeting Auber, "a stylish little elderly man, rather petulant in manner." On another oc-casion he discussed De Foe with Lamartine, who complimented him on his French. He meets George sand, who is unlike his preconceptions, "just the kind of a woman in appearance whom you might suppose to be the Queen's monthly nurse—chiefly matronly, swarthy, black eyed—a singularly ordinary woman." Emile de Girardin gave him a banquet of Oriental splendor, which gave him great gratification and which he describes at length to Mr. Forster as though it were a scene in the "Arabian Nights." His description of it, which he declares to be strictly prosaic, sounds a little Oriental, but not inappropriately

sounds a little Orientai, but not inappropriately so:

"No man unaequainted with my determination never to embellish or tancify such accounts would believe in the description. I shall let off, when we meet, of dining at Emile Girardin's of the three gorgeous drawing rooms, with 10,000 wax candles, in golden sconces, terminating in a dining room of suprecedented magnificence, with two enormous transparent plate glass doors in it, looking (across an ante-chamber full of clean plates) straight into the klichen, with the cooks, in their white paper caps, dishing the dinner. From his seat in the midst of the table, the host dike a giant in a fairy story) beholds the klichen and the snow-white tables, and the profound order and silence there prevailing. Forth from the plate glass doors issues the banquet—the most wonderful feast ever tasied by mortal. At the present price of ruffles, that article alone costing (for eight people) at least five pounds, On the table are ground glass jurs of peculiar construction, laden with the finest growth of champagne and the coolest ice. With the third course is issued port wine, (previously unheard of in a good state on this Continent) which would. The down of the content of the content

THE SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE. When we come to the separation of Mr. Dickens and reserve with which Mr. Forster treats it. This is the one event in the life of the illustrious novelist which darkens his fame. We do not sympathize with that morbid and unhealthy sentiment which gloats over the frailties of men of genius-the unhappiness of a Byron, a Shakespeare or a Milton. Men like these, supremely gifted and richly endowed, have lives apart from the doings and adventures of the mere body. However Byron may have sinned, to us he is and always must be "Childe Harold." But Dickens during his own life called attention to his sorrows, and, after dismissing his wife and the mother of his children from a home in which she had lived for a quarter of a century, publicly entreated the world to justify him in the act. THE BEGINNING OF UNHAPPINESS.

Mr. Forster leads us up to the time of separation by a delicate analysis of the novelist's character. Despising society and failing to find in his home those satisfactions which the true home life demands, a tone of restlessness became apparent about 1857. If Dickens had any social tendencies it was for those beneath rather than those above him in life. This is attributed to defects of temperament coming from early trials and successes. Mastering fortune and fame he did not attain renunciation and self-sacrifice. Until "Copperfield" was finished life was in his books. His friendships were with the creatures of his rich and marvellous fancy. Combined with habits or singular prevision, method and order, he had an impatience of nature, rushing at enjoyment without counting its cost. After "Copperfield" his imagination seemed to fall, to want a spur. While his subsequent works embodied creations of character and humor as fine as any in his earlier days-Marigold, Lirriper, Pip-he had lost the old free and fertile method. So, as Mr. Forster noted, "there came from time to time intervals of unusual impatience and restlessness, strange to see in connection with his home." Old pursuits were laid aside for new occupations and excitements-political addresses, private theatricals, readings, "strolling, wandering ways," a craving to find some means by which life might become monstrance of friendship, and to one of these enhave no relief but in action. I am become incapable of rest. I should rust, break and die if I spared myself. Much better to die doing." Other letters breathe strange yearnings. At one six months. Then he has an idea of living in Switzerland, above the snow line, in "some astonishing convent." "Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind-motes of new books in the dirty air." "Why is it," he cries, "that a sense comes always crushing on me, as of one happiness I have missed in life and one friend and companion I have never made?" Again the "serious idea" of a winter on the top of Mount St. Bernard, with the monks and dogs for a whole winter. Another time his lancy flies to Australia, only he will finish "Little Dorrit" before leaving. "The old days! the old days!" he moans, "shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then?" "I feel that the skeleton in my domestic closet is a pretty big one."

THE CLOUD FALLS. Then came the sorrowful avowal-not altogether unexpected, says Mr. Forster, but "a great shock, nevertheless." "Poor Catherine," writes Dickens-Catherine being his wife-"and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make ner so, too, and much more so. is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her sake, that I ever fell in her way." "Nothing on earth could make her understand me or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine." "What is now pefalling me I have seen steadily coming since Mary was born, and I know too weil that you cannot, and no one can, help me." Again another letter: - "The years have not made it easier to bear for either of us; and, for her sake as well as mine, the wish will force itself upon me that something might be done." And again:- "I claim no immunity from blame. There is pienty of fault on my side, I dure say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices and difficult ties of disposition; but only one thing will alter all that, and that is, the end which alters everything."

This was in 1857. In 1858 Mr. Dickens and his wife lived apart. "The eldest son went with his mother, Dickens at once giving effect to her expressed wish in this respect; and the other children remained with himself, their intercourse with Mrs. Dickens being left entirely to themselves." They never met during the remainder of their lives. She had nived with him a quarter of a century and had borne him ten children. She was wife of his youth and his fame. Before he died he coldly wrote these words about her in his will:-"I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife, since her separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of £600, while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myseif." The man who dismissed his wife and who wrote these words, was the creator of agnes, and the sweet, beautiful story of love and devotion which that fanciful life contained. It is not for us to look deeply into the hearts of men

rather to take from their lives the inspir genius. But this narrative, even as Mr. Porster tells it, is a sad story of impulse and selfishness, and it so darkens the character of Dickens that we turn from its contemplation with bitter, bitter

sorrow. THE SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA

Two chapters of this volume, in all fity pages, are given to the experiences of Dickens in America. This event attracted so much interest at the time and was so marked an incident, remembering his visit in earlier days, that these chapters parrative of the tour to Mr. Dickens' own language. as written to himself and other friends in private and letters from day to day. We learn that up to the last moment he "had not been able to clear off wholly a shade of misgiving that some of the old grudges might make themselves felt," but "from the instant of his setting foot in Boston not a vestige of such fear remained. The greeting was to the full as extraordinary as that twenty-five years before." Boston particularly impressed Dickens, reminding him of Edinburgh. "Nothing enchanted him so much as what he again saw of the delightful domestic life of Cambridge, simple, self-respectful, candid and affectionate." Eoston had grown more mercantile, and the cost of living he found enormous, and his first reading was so successful that he wrote Mr. Forster, "It is really impossible to exaggerate the magnificence of the re-ception or the effect of the reading." Still be added, "We are all in the clouds until I have broken ground in New York."

PIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK. We learn that before coming to New York he was making a clean profit of over \$9,000 a week. He gave his first reading at Steinway Hall December 14, 1867, and next morning wrote :- "Amazing success! A very fine audience-far better than at greater Copperfield and Bob Sawyer on second " The houses paid thm about \$3,000 an evening, and we find him sending £3,000 to England by the first packet. Here we have a little story about the

Westminster Hotel:-"Last night I was getting into bed inst at twelve o'clock, when Dolby came to my room to inform me that the house was on fire. I got Scott up directly, told him first to pack the books and clothes for readings; dressed and pocketed my jewels and papers, while the manager stuffed himself out with money. After a time the fire was traced to a grate, and then everybody talked to everybody else-the ladies being particularly loquacious and cheerful. I may remark that the second landlord no sooner saw me, on this agitating occasion, than, with his property blazing, he insisted on taking me down into a room full of hot smoke to drink brandy and water with him!"

IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK.

Dickens was in New York a week before he could recognize its prodigious increase. "The only portion," he writes, "that comes back to me even now is the part of Broadway in which the Carleton Hotel used to stand. There is a very flue new park in the outskirts, and the number of grand houses and splendid equipages is quite surprising. don't know how many boarders." The "Black Crook" he found to be "the most preposterous peg to hang ballets on that was ever seen. The people who act in it have not the slightest idea of what it is about, and never had; but, after taxing my intellectual powers to the utmost, I fancy I have discovered "Black Crook" to be a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers of Darkness to separate two lovers; and that the Powers of Lightness, coming (in no skirts, however) to the rescue, he is deteated." We had a little excitement about the Fenians; and Dickens makes a note of it. "I do not think," he says, "that there is any sympathy whatever with the Fenians on the part of the American people, though political ad-"The local politics of the place are in a most deprayed condition, if half of what is said is true. I prefer not to talk of these things, but at odd intervals I look round for myself." Furthermore, we note, "great social improvements in respect of manners and forbearance have come to pass since I was here before; but in public life I see as yet out little change." In those days Tammany reigned, and it is interesting to note the impression its dominion made upon the great writer.

POLITICS AND THE POLICE. The season was unusually severe-during the winter visit, memorably severe, as all rememberwith extreme cold and heavy falls of snow. "I turned out," he writes, "in rather a gorgeous sleigh yesterday, with any quantity of buffalo robes, and made an imposing appearance." And again to his daughter :- "If you were to behold me driving out, furred up to the mustache with an immense white, red and yellow striped rug for a covering, you would suppose me to be of Hungarian or Polish nationality." He was not pleased with easier. This craving called from Forster the re- the railway travel. The roads were "truly alarming," "much more than when I was here before." fectly outrageous, nearly every case he had being broken, and he describes his servant Scott in a railway car near Boston weeping bitterly over a smashed writing desk. We are pleased to note his opinions of the New York police. "I have nowhere," he writes, "at home or abroad, seen so fine a police as the police of New York, and their bearing in the streets is above all praise." He must have had his own troubles about crossing Broadway, for we note his opinion that "the laws concerning street traffic and travel are wildly outraged by the people for whose benefit they are in tended." Yet, notwithstanding the Penians and the baggage smashers, the speculators in tickets and the omnibus drivers and Tammany, New York seems to have pleased Dickens, for he again adds "there is undoubtedly improvement in every di-

JOURNALISM IN AMERICA.

Christmas came to Dickens in Boston, and we have a pretty story of a branch of holly with real red berries, which a certain Captain Dolliver, of the Boston Custom House, imported and put on his breakfast table on Christmas morning. "In such affectionate touches as this these New England people are especially amiable." He regrets that as a general rule whatever is said about him in the newspapers is untrue, and finds that fires in America are a matter of course The newspapers were civil, but their abuse of Mr. Dolby, his manager, annoyed him. There is a strange story about one Boston paper. "The editor had applied for our advertisements, saying that it was at Mr. Dolby's disposal for paragraphs The advertisements were not sent. Dolby did not enrich its columns paragraphically; and among its news to-day is the item that this chap callin himself Dolby got drunk down town last night and was taken to the police station for fighting an Irishman," " "I am sorry to say," adds Dickens, "that I don't find anybody to be much shocked by this liveliness." After this sad experience with the Boston press Dickens has an allusion to our own journals in New York. "The Tribune," he writes, ens an excellent paper. Horace Greelev is editor in-chief and a considerable shareholder too." Then comes a compliment, which we are glad to notice and repeat. "All the people connected with it whom I have seen are of the best class." "It is also a very fine property," he adds, "but here the NEW YORK HERALD beats it hollow, hollow, hollow, When Mr. Dickens was in New York Henry J. Raymond was alive and editing his great journal, and our readers will understand what would now be a most surprising statement—that the "New York Times is another able and well edited paper." "NOTHING IN AMERICA LASTS LONG."

It was his intention to read in New York every week; but this was changed, for an amusing rea son. "It is." he writes, "one of the popular peculiarities which I most particularly notice that they must not have a thing too easily. Nothing in the country lasts long, and a thing is prized the more the less easy it is made." So he planned his trip to the South and West, meaning to go to Chicago and St. Louis-a plan his ill-health interrupted. He notes again that he had not read a single time at a lower clear profit per night than \$2,000. About this time the severe weather and other cir comstances affected his health, and we find him complaining of a frightful cold-a severe catarrhand the low action of the heart which compelled him after his readings, at times, to lie upon a bed in a very faint and shady state, and to remain in like Dickens and Byron, or Shakespeare-but, bed at times until the afternoon. In Boston it

was feared he would have to stop reading altogether, but his will overcame all

DOCTOR MARIGOLD.

There were troubles with speculators, of which much is said that need scarcely be repeated now. On one occasion there was a strike among the ushers because Dolby had taken one of them "to "there is really little to be done at night. American people are so accustomed to take care of themselves that one of these immense audience will fall into their places with an ease amazing to annoyed him. "My landlord," he says, referring to the Westminster, "invented for me a drink of brandy, rum and snow, and called it a 'Rocky Mountain Sneezer;' and 'did I tell you that the favorite drink before you get up is an eyeopener?" The nature of this latter drink is not described, and we fear that his generous hosts, with their sneezers and eye-openers, were play-ing pranks with the novelist. He notes that Doctor Marigold was a "tremendous hit" in New York: that "at the end they made a great shout and gave a rush towards the platform as if they were going to carry me off. It puts a strong additional arrow into my quiver." The last house in New York rose to about \$3,500, and the manager, Dickens adds, "is always going about with an immeuse bundle that looks like a sola cushion, but is in reality paper money." "The work is hard, the comate is hard, the life is hard; but, so far, the gain is exormous."

IMPRESSIONS OF BROOKLYN. "Brooklyn, you must understand," Dickens, "is a kind of sleeping place for New York, and is supposed to be a great place in a money way." His readings he called "ecclesiastical entertainments," because they took place in the church of Mr. Beecher. He found the church "a wonderful place to speak in." "We had it enormously full last night (Marigold and Trial), but it scarcely required an effort. Mr. Ward Beecher being present in his pew, I sent to invite him to come around before he left. I found him an unostentations, evidently able, straightforward and agreeable man; extremely well informed and with a good knowledge of art." After Brooklyn tour extended to Washington, and we find that the visit to the national capital was a subject of apprehension. "Horace Greeley dined with me last Saturday," he says, "and did not like my going to Washington, now intl of the greatest rowdies and worst kind of people in the States." So Mr. Dolby was sent to examine into the moral atmosphere of Washington, and in a few days decided that Mr. Greeley and "the croakers" were wrong. "You may like to have a line to let you know that it is all right here," he writes from Washington, "and that the croakers were simply ridiculous." Mr. Forster gives the following inter-

ridiculous." Mr. Forster gives the following interesting details of this journey:—

Anscore of Liscols.

It will be no violation of the rule of avoiding private detail if the very interesting close of this letter is given. Its anecode of Fresident Lincoln was repeatedly told by Dickens after his return, and I am under no necessity to withhold from it the authority of Mr. Summer's name. "I am going to-morrow to see the Fresident, who has sent to me twice. I dined with Charles Summer last Sunday, against my rule; and, as I had stipulated for no party, Mr. Secretary Stanton is a man with a very remarkable memory, and extraordinarily familiar with my books. " "He and Summer having been the first two public men at the dying President's bedside, and having remained with him until he breathed his last, we fell into a very interesting coversation after dinner, when, each of the action of the short letter. On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot there was a Cabinet Council, at which he president Mr. Stanton told of this short letter. On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot there was a Cabinet Council, at which he president broke off in something he was saying, and remarked:—Let us proceed to business, gentlemen. Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprise, that the President at with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of folling about in the most unganity in his chair, instead of ioling about in the most unganity after that is the most satisfactory Cabine. Meeting I have council with the Attorney General, said to him:—That is the most satisfactory Cabine. Meeting In have a tended for many a long day to the was grave and caim, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney General seed, by when the President as with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of long about in the most unganity attitudes, as his invariable custom was, and that instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories he was grave and caim, and quite a different man. M esting details of this journey :-

notice. He was shot that night."

ANDREW JOHNSON.

On his birthday, the 7th of February, Dickens had his interview with President Andrew Johnson.

"This scrambling scribblement is resumed this morning, because I, have just seen the President, who had sent to me very courteously asking me to make my own appointment. He is a man with a remarkable face, indicating courage, watchfulness, and, certainly, strength of purpose. It is a face of the Webster type, but without the "bounce" of Webster's face. I would have picked him out anywhere as a character of mark. Figure, rather stoutish. the Webster type, but without the "bounce" of Webster's face. I would have picked him out anywhere as a character of mark. Figure, rather stouths for an American; a trifle under the middle size; hands clasped in front of nim; manner, suppressed, guarded, anxious. Each of us looked at the other very hard. * " It was in his own cabinet that I saw him. As I came away Thornton drove up in a sleigh-turned out for a state occasion—to deliver his credentials. There was to be a Cabinet council at twelve. The room was very much like a London club's ante-drawing room. On the walls two engravings only—one, of his own portrait and one of Lincoln's. * " In the outer room was string a certain sunburned General Blair, with mass string a certain sunburned General Blair, with mass string a certain sunburned General Blair, with mass thands a certain sunburned with the control of the property of the council string the five and twenty years ago. * " The papers having refer the my birthday's falling today, my room is filled with most exquisite nowers. They came pouring in from all sorts of beopie, at breaking today my room is filled with mest exquisite nowers. They came pouring in from all sorts of beopie, at breaking today my room is filled with mest exquisite nowers. They came pouring in from all sorts of beopie, at breaking today on the most exquisite nowers. They came pouring in from all sorts of people, at breaking them to be Manchester shillings, rather than Washington hair sovereigns."

BATTIMORE-THE NEGROES.

Thus all was sunshine and cheerfulness in Wash ington-the novelist writing in his merriest mood, notwithstanding his illness. About this time the terrible step was taken of avoiding Chicago-a circumstance that led to some angry comment at the time, stories floating into print that he had a sister or some such relative living in the Western metropolis in indigence, and that he was ashamed to visit the city in consequence; but we learn now that wretched health was the only reason. "The worst of it is," he writes, "that everybody one advises with has a monomanta about Chicago. 'Good neavens, sir,' the great Philadelphia authority said to me this morning, "If you don't read in Chicago the people will go into fits.' 'Well,' I answered. I would rather they went into fits than I did: but be did not seem to see it at all." Baltimore, although "as far south as Valentia in Spain" and generally of a sunny nature even in wintry times, welcomed the novelist with a snow storm. 'They are very handsome women," he says of the Baltimore ladies, "with an Eastern touch in them, and dress brilliantly. I have rarely seen so fine an audience. They are a bright responsive people." And again, he finds it a "very apprehensive, impulsive audience." Here we have a little touch of political observation, not without interest, concerning the negro and the South. "It is remarkable," writes Mr. Dickens from Baltimore, "how the Ghost of Slavery haunts the town; and how the shambling, untidy, evasive and postponing irrepressible proceeds about his free work, going round and round it, instead of at it. The melancholy absurdity of giving these people votes-at any rate, at present-would glare at one out of every roll of the eye, chuckle in their mouths and bump in their heads, if one did not see, as one cannot help seeing in this country, that their enfranchisement is a mere party trick to catch votes. "I strongly believe," he adds elsewhere, "that they (the negroes) will die out of this country fast. It seems, looking at them, so manifestly absurd to suppose it possible that they can even hold their own against a restless, shifty, striving, stronger

PRILADELPHIA.

There are few notes about the visit to Parladelphia, except that he was welcomed with cold, light, frosty weather and was pleased with his hotel. Everything is very good, every waiter is German," &c. "The town is very clean and the day as light and bine as a fine Italian day." Mr. Porster again informs us that while the tone of party olitics still impressed Dickens unfavorably he had noticed great changes and improvements "So far I have had no more intrusion or boredom than I have when I lead the same life in England." "I have now read in New York to 40,000 people, and am quite as well known in the streets there as in London. People will turn back, turn

again and face me and have a look at me, or will say to one another, Look here, Dickens is But no one ever stops or addresses me." On one occasion, sitting in his carriage, near the Post Office at Nassau street, waiting for Mr. Dolby, a stranger-I should say a merchant's bookkeeper—stepped up to the door, took off his hat, and said in a friendly way, 'Mr. Dickens, I should very much like to have the honor of shaking hands with you,' and, that done, presented two others. Nothing could be more quiet or less intrusive." "I find the people lighter and more humorous than formerly, and there must be a great deal of innocent imagination among every class, or they never could pet with such ex traordinary pleasure as they do the Boots' story of the elopement of the two little children. They seem to see the children, and the women set up a shrill undercurrent of half pity and half pleasure that is quite affecting." "I have remitted to Coutts, in English gold, £10,000 odd. These figures are between ourselves at present, but are they not magnificent?" But all the time the same sud repining-the constant shadow that still attended him—the slave in the shadow of his triumph, "The work is very severe." "It is very distressing." "I am so dead beat when I come off that they lay me down on a sota, after I have been washed and dressed, and I lie there extremely faint for a quarter of an hour.'

BOUGHING IT IN CENTRAL NEW YORK. Then came impeachment troubles, and Dickens with a fine showman's sense of what will please the public, fears "that the great excitement about the President's impeachment will damage our re ceipts." But then comes the former reflection that "nothing lasts long" in America, and that be fore he resumes his Eastern readings, March 9, "the people may be heartly tired of the President's name." The weather pursued him to Buffalo-snow, frost and gales. Rochester was in a panic for tear the Genessee River would take a notion and swamp the town. Syracuse he found "a most out-of-the-way and unintelligible looking place, with apparently no people in it," but paying him nearly \$2,500 the first night. His voice troubles him, and he must dine at three o'clock to recover it before reading. On one occasion he was caught in a flood "at a place called Utica, the greater part of which was under water, while the high and dry part could produce nothing particu-lar to eat." "I was fortunate enough to get a bedroom and garnished it with an enormous jug of gin punch, over which I and the manager played a double dummy rubber." From here to Albany, after many struggles with the flood, "seeing nothing but drowned farms, barns adrift like Noah's ark, deserted villages, broken hinges and all manner of ruin." The lliness continued, now in the foot-"no appetite," "no taste," even laudanum of no use. He writes to New York for "a composing mixture." Even the syn.pathetic and devoted people around him cannot comprehend his misery. "I cannot eat," he writes, "and have established this system:—At seven in the morning, in bed, a tumbler of new cream and two table spoonsful of rum. At twelve, time), a pint of champagne. At five minutes to eight, an egg beaten up in a glass of sherry. Between the parts the strongest beef tea that can be made, drunk hot. At a quarter past ten, soup and any little thing to drink that I can fancy."

NIAGARA REVISITED. Here is Mr. Forster's narrative of the trip to

Niagara:—

This Butfalo has become a large and important city, with numbers of Germans and Irish init. But it is very curious to notice as we touch the frontier that the American iemaic beauty discount in and woman's face clumsily compounded of the second in the work of the second in the compounded of the second in the whole throng last night, and the laces were all blant. I have just been walking about and observing the same thing in the streets. The winter has been so severe that the hotel on the English side at Niagars (which has the best view of the falls, and is for that reason very perferable) is not yet opened. So we go perforce to the American, which telegraphs back to our telegram:—"all Mr. Dickens' requirements perfectly understood." I have not we been in more than two very bad inns. I have been in some where a good deal of what is popularly called "slopping round" has prevailed; but have been she to get on very well. "Slopping round," so used, means untitiness and disorder. It is a comically expressive phrase and has many meanings. Fields was asking the price of a quarter cask of sherry the other day. "Wa'al, Mussr Fields," the merchant replies, "that varies according to quality as is but nay tral. If yer wa'nt a sherry just to slop round with it I can fix yer some at a very low figer."

His letter was resumed at Rochester on the Niagara:-His letter was resumed at Rochester on the

18th :-

After two most brilliant days at the Falls of Niagara we got back here last hight. To-morrow morning we turn out at six for a long railway journey to Albany, But it is nearly all "back" now, thank God! I don't know how long, though, before turning we might have gone out sufficiently be went everywhere at the falls, and saw them in every aspect. There is a suspension bridge across now some two miles or more from the Horseshoe: and another, half a mile nearer, is to be opened in Jury They are very fine, but very ticklish, hanging alort there in the continual vibration of the thundering water; nor is one greatly reassured by the printed notice that troops must not cross them at a step, that bands of music must not play in crossing, and the like. I shall never forget the last aspect in which we saw Niagara yesterday. We had been everywhere, when I thought of struggling did not open carriage; up some very difficult around for a good distance, and getting where we could stand above the river and see it as it rushed forward to its tremendous leap, coming for miles and miles. All the way to the horizon on our right was a wonderful confusion of bright green and white water. As we stood watching it, with our races to

PAREWELL AND HOME AGAIN.

And now came the farewells, or rather a series of farewells. Back to Boston, very ill. "Longfellow and all the Cambridge men" urging him to give in. "Two snow storms" also, "and the town is blotted out in a ceaseless whirl of snow and wind;" but the personal affection of the people re mained charming to the last. Back to New York. having passage on the Russia. The chief steward's room engaged "Cunard so considerate as to re member that it is on the sunny side of the vessel.' His last readings in New York ran as high as \$3,298 a night, but in Boston they reached \$3,456. Ilis lowest receipts were in New Bedford-\$1,640 a night-while the four Brooklyn readings brough \$11 198. Then came the farewell dinner-Horace Greeley in the chair-Dickens limping into the room with great difficulty and pain and compelled to leave the room before the proceedings were over. "He promised his kindly entertainers that no copy of his 'Notes' or his 'Chuzzlewit' should in future be issued by him without accompanying mention of the changes he had seen-of the politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality and consideration in all ways, for which he had to thank them." "On the following Monday be read to his last American audience, telling them at the close that he hoped often to recall them, equally by his fire and in the green summer weather, and never as a mere public audience, but as a host of personal friends." Two days later he sailed for England and reached home in the first week of May, 1868.

His life, after his return to Europe, has few events that we need dwell upon. There were last readings and a formal retirement from the platform. His gains in America confirmed his fortune. and he spent his time around Gadshill, beautifying and improving the grounds. In a year and a half he he made £28,000 out of his readings, and there was a private rehearsal of Nancy Sikes, which Macready regarded as "equal to two Macbeths" in power and tragic force. Domestic sorrows gathered over his home; his brother Frederick died; his youngest son went to Austrana to seek his fortune in the bush. New honors came to him, however, and in March we find him in presence of the Queen. Mr. Forster tells us that the Queen's kindness left a strong impression on Dickens. During the conversation there arose a mention of some discourtesy shown to Prince Arthur by the Fenians in New York, and Dickens begged her Majesty not to confound the true Americans of that city with the Fenian portion of its Irish population on which she made the quiet comment that she was convinced the people about the Prince had made too much of the affair, Dickens related to the Queen the story of Prest. dent Lincoln's dream on the night before he was murdered. Her Majesty then took from a table her own book on the Highlands, with an autograph inscription to Charles Dickens, and so closed the interview. Later we find him dining with the Prince of Wales and the King of the Beigians, "suffering so much from distress in his foot that he

had to be assisted at once into the dis He spent his time quietly writing "Edwin Drood," and busied in many ways. He took great pleasure in helping young authors. "You asked me shout new writers," he writes; "if you will read 'Kissing the Red,' a book I have read to-day, you will not find it hard to take an interest in the author of such a book." This was Edmund Yates, to whom the executors of Dickens, in obedience to his will, presented his writing desk, and "In whose literary success," says Mr. Forster, "Dickens took the great est interest himself, and with whom he continued to the last in intimate personal intercourse."

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

and Mr. Forster, with delicacy and taste, enables

The world cares to see its great men closely,

us to see the manner of man Dickens was in his ways and conversation. He had strong religious teelings without professions. "I now most solemnly impress upon you," he writes to his son, the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ Himself, the impossibility of going wrong it you humbly but heartily respect it." Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it." He disliked display, monuments and funeral ceremonies, and would not speak over Leigh Hunt's grave for that reason. His political opinions were hazy, and we find no definite exression of them except in one place, where he laments "a non-working aristocracy and a silent Parliament," and dreads the "enormous black cloud of poverty in every turn, which is spreading and deepening every hour!" He declined many temptations to enter the House of Commons, saying no consideration would induce him to become a member of "that extraordinary assem bly." He returned from America, "indisposed to believe that the political problems had been solved in the land of the free." Formal denial is given to the rumors that the Queen meant to make him a peer, or a member of the Privy Council, no such honor or any honor being offered to him. He was fond of children and dogs and birds, and leved to ramble in the odd ways of London, having especially "a surprising fondness for wandering about poor neighborhoods on Christmas Day." especial heroes were Sir John Franklin and Carlvie. He was fond of acting and story telling, es pecially ghost stories. We infer from what Mr. Forster says that he was inclined to be superstitious, or rather to impressions of the supernatural, tor he spoke of an ever-recurring dream of a woman he had loved and who died -"the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is a inseparable from my existence as the beating o

THE DEATH OF DICKERS.

But the end was coming swiftly-unheeded-but

my heart."

not without warning. He had pains in his feet. A rallway accident had shattered his nerves and given him an invincible dislike to railway travel. The vessels of the brain showed signs of trouble, and he was compelled to rest. His arm was affected, and when he last met Carlyle he carried it in a sling. It was swollen and painful. There came hemorrhage, and an inability to read the names on the street signs that alarmed him. Maclise, the painter-a dearly loved friend-and Mark Lemon died, and oppressed his spirits; and we find him mourning over the death of nearly all his old companions in the private plays. The feet became no worse and no better, and on the 30th of May be went to Gadshill. "He seemed very weary." On Monday, the 6th of sune, he was out with his dogs for the last time. The next day he strolled in the wood and came home to study the effect of some new Chinese lanterns in his conservatory, sitting all the evening in the dining room to note their effect. The next morning he limped over to his chalet and wrote until luncheon. Aiter luncheon, much against his custom, he returned to his desk. "He was late," said Mr. Forster, "leaving the chalet, but before dinner, which was ordered at six o'clock, with the intention of walking afterwards in the lanes, he wrote some letters, among them one to his friend Charles Kent, appointing to see him in London next day; and dinner was begun before Miss Hogarth saw, with alarm, a singular expression of trouble and pain in his face. 'For an hour,' he then told her, 'he had been very ill,' but ne wished dinner to go on. These were the only coherent words uttered by him. They were followed by some that fell from him disconnectedly, of quite other matters-of an approaching sale at a neighbor's house, of whether Macready's son was with his father at Cheltenham and of his own intention to go immediately to London-but, at these latter he had risen and his sis ter-in-law's help alone prevented him from falling where he stood. Her effort then was to get him on the sofa, but after a slight struggle he sank heavily on his left side. On the ground were the last words he spoke. It was now a little over ten minutes past six o'clock. All possible medical aid had been summoned. But all human help was unavailing. There was effusion on the brain, and though stertorous breathing continued all night and until ten minutes past six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the 9th of June, ther had never been a gleam of hope during the twentyfour hours. He had lived four months beyond his nity-eighth year." Her Majesty the Queen tele graphed from Balmoral her "deepest regret at the sad news of Charles Dickens' death." and in obe dience to the general wish-of the people it was de termined that the only fit resting place for the remains of a man so dear to England was the Abbey, in which the most illustrious Englishmen are laid. There he lies, surrounded by Garrick Cumberland, Macaulay and Johnson, under the statues of Chancer, Shakespeare and Dryden, sharing alike the immortality of their fame ..

GERMAN IMMIGRATION.

Annual Report of the German Society. The German Society, founded in 1784 for the protection of German immigrants landing at Ithis port, has just issued its ninetieth annual report. from which it appears that the German immigration at this port during the past year amounted to 101 500 persons, a falling off of 26,130 compared with the year previous, when 128,030 Germans were landed at Castle Garden. The following is ar exibit of the German immigration at this port

...... 962,397

At the first general meeting for the year of the Eastern Yacht Club, held at the Parker House, Boston, February 10, the following gentlemen elected officers:-Commodore. Commodore, R. D. Tucker; Secretary, Henry B. Jackson; Treasurer, Addison Child; Measurer, Prank D. Child; Regatta Committee. W M. Whitney. John Hurd, B. Joy Jeffries, A. Winsor, T. D. Boardman.

ART MATTERS.

The Water Color Society - Annual

Meeting.
The eighth annual meeting of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors was held on Tuesday evening in the Association Building. It was well attended, and the proceedings evinced the increasing interest taken in this branch of art. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were an evidence of the flourishing condition of the society, which now numbers sixty-five members. Messrs. J. D. Smillie, J. C. Nicoli and L. C. Tidany were unanimously re-elected president, secretary and treasurer. Messrs. J. G. Brown, Water Brown, F. Hopkinson Smith and A. T. Bricher were placed upon the Board of Control.